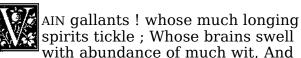
## $^{AND}$ PA&T BEfiropffQ.<sub>t</sub> SONNETS, 397

## SONNET CI.

AD I been banishe'd from the native soil, Where, with my life, I first received light! For my first cradles, had my tomb been dight! Or changed my pleasure for a ceaseless toil! Had I for nurse, been left to lion's spoil! Had I for freedom, dwelt in shady night, Cooped up in loathsome dungeons from men's sight! These first desires, which in my breast did boil, From which, thy loves (Unkind!) thou banished! Had not been such an exile to my bliss. If life, with my love's infancy, were vanished; It had not been so sore a death as this, If lionesses were, instead of nurses; Or night, for day! Thine hate deserves more curses'

## SONNET Clio



would be touched fain with an amorous fit: 0 lend your eyes, and bend your fancies fickle! You, whom Affection's dart did never prickle! You, which hold lovers, fools; and argue it! Gaze on my Sun! and if tears do not trickle From your much mastered eyes (where Fancies sit) Then, Eagles! will I term you, for your eyes; But Bears! or Tigers! for your savage hearts! But, if it chance, such fountains should arise, And you made like partakers of my smarts; Her, for her piercing eyes, an Eagle, name! But, for her heart, a Tiger, never tame!